

The contention of the two famous Houses,

Messen. Madame, I bring you newes from *Ireland*,
The wilde Onele my Lords, is vp in armes,
With troupes of Irish Kernes, that vncontrolde
Doth plant themselues within the English pale.
And burnes and spoiles the Country as they go.

Qu. What redresse shall we haue for this, My Lords?

Yorke. I were good that my Lord of *Somerſet*
That fortunate Champion were ſent ouer,
To keepe in awe the ſtubborne Irishmen,
He did ſo much good when he was in France.

Somer. Had *Yorke* bene there with all his farre fetcht
Pollicies, he might haue loſt as much as I.

Yorke. I, for *Yorke* would haue loſt his life, before
That France ſhould haue reuolted from Englands rule.

Somer. I ſo thou mightſt, and yet haue gouern'd worſe then I.

Yorke. What, worſe then naught? then a ſhame take all.

Somer. Shame on thy ſelfe, that wiſheth ſhame.

Queen. *Somerſet* forbear, good *Yorke* be patient,
And do thou take in hand to croſſe the ſeas,
With troopes of armed men, to quell the pride
Of thoſe ambitious Irish that rebell.

Yorke. Well Madame, ſith your Grace is ſo content,
Let me haue ſome bandes of choſen ſoldiers,
And *Yorke* ſhall trie his fortunes 'gainſt thoſe Kernes.

Queen. *Yorke* thou ſhalt. My Lord of *Buckingham*,
Let it be it your charge to muſter vp ſuch ſoldiers
As ſhall ſuffice him in theſe needfull warres.

Buck. Madame I will, and leaue ſuch a band
As ſoone ſhall ouercome thoſe Irish Rebels.
But *Yorke*, where ſhall thoſe Soldiours ſtay for thee?

Yorke. At *Biſtow*, I'll expect them ten daies hence.

Buck. Then thither ſhall they come, and ſo farwell.

Exit Buck.

Yorke. Adieu my Lord of *Buckingham*.

Queen. *Suffolke*, remember what you haue to do.
And you Lord Cardinall, concerning Duke *Humfrey*.
I were good that you did ſee to it in time,

Come

Yorke and Lancaſter.

Come let vs go, that it may be perform'd.

Exit omnes, Manet Yorke.

Yorke. Now *Yorke* bethinke thy ſelfe, and rouze thee vp,
Take time whilſt it is offered thee ſo faire,
Leaſt when thou wouldſt, thou canſt it not attaine,
T'was men I lackt, and now they giue them me,
And now whilſt I am buſie in *Ireland*,
I haue ſeduc'd a head-ſtrong Kentiſhman,
John Cade of *Aſhford*,

Vnder the title of *John Mortimer*,

(For he is like him euery kinde of way)

To raiſe commotion, and by that meanes

I ſhall perceiue how the common people

Do affect the claime and houſe of *Yorke*,

Then if he haue ſucceſſe in his affaires,

From *Ireland* then comes *Yorke* againe,

To reape the harueſt which that coyſtrill ſowed,

Now if he ſhould be taken and condemn'd,

Hee'l nere confeſſe that I did ſet him on,

And therefore ere I go ile ſend him word,

To put in practiſe and to gather head,

That ſo ſoone as I am gone he may begin

To riſe in armes with troopes of country ſwaines,

To helpe him to performe this enterpriſe.

And then Duke *Humfrey*, he well made away,

None then can ſtop the light to Englands Crowne,

But *Yorke* can tame, and headlong pull them downe.

Exit Yorke.

Then the Curtaines being drawne, Duke *Humfrey* is diſcouered in his
bed, and two men lying on his breaſt, and ſmothering him in his bed.
And then enter the Duke of *Suffolke* to them.

Suff. How now ſirs, what haue you diſpatcht him?

One. I my Lord, hee's dead I warrant you.

Suff. Then ſee the cloathes laid ſmoother about him ſtill,

That when the King comes, he may perceiue

No other, but that he dide of his owne accord.

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